Horatius Flaccus (Q.) Op. Wks.
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The FIFTH ODE

OF THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

HORACE

IMITATED:

And INSCRIB'D

TO THE

KING.

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HORACE

TO THE

ILLUSTRATED:

HORACE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

TWENTIETH ODE

The FIFTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE IMITATED:

And Inſcrib'd to the

KING.

Aſpice venturo lætentur ut omnia Sæclo. Virgil.

[1] TOO long, *Illuſtrious PRINCE*, does *Britain* moan
Her abſent *Monarch* and her Widow'd Throne;
From our expecting Shores no longer ſtay,
But to Thy People come with *promis'd Speed* away.

[1] Divis orte bonis, optime *Romulæ*
Cuſtos gentis, abes jam nimium diu:
Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
Sancto Concilio, redi.

On *Albion* riſe with thine auſpicious Light,
And with Thy Preſence bleſs our longing Sight:
Thy Preſence like the ſweet Approach of Spring,
New Life and Joy will to thy Subjects bring.
When Thou art here the jocund Hours will run
On ſmoother Feet, and brighter ſhine the Sun.
With ſuch Impatience, and ſuch ſtrong Deſires,
Britain her *Royal HANOVER* requires,
As the fond Mother on the winding Shores
Th' Arrival of her Darling Son explores,
Whom adverſe Winds in ſome far-diſtant Clime
Detain from her Embrace beyond th' appointed Time.
Protected by Thy Tutelary Care,
Virtue and Plenty ſhall their Heads uprear:
Each uſeful Art beneath Thy Guardian Hand
Shall flouriſh and adorn our happy Land.
The chearful Swain ſhall till his fertil Farm,
And tend his Flocks, ſecure from Martial Harm.

Lucem redde tuæ, Dux bone, patriæ:
Inſtar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulſit populo, gratior it dies,
Et Soles meliùs nitent.
Ut Mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu *Carpathii* trans maris æquora
Cunctantem ſpatio longiùs annuo
Dulci diſtinet à Domo,
Votis ominibuſque & precibus vocat;
Curvo nec faciem littore demovet:
Sic, deſideriis icta fidelibus,
Quærit patria *Cæſarem*.
Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat:
Nutrit rura *Ceres*, almaque Fauſtitas:

The Merchant o'er the peaceful Seas ſhall roam,
And bring the Wealth of diſtant *India* home.
Returning *Faith* and *Truth* again ſhall ſmile,
(Virtues long baniſh'd from our wretched *Iſle*,)
Whilſt *Civil Diſcord*, *Strife* and *Party-Hate*,
No longer ſhall diſtract the jarring State;
But, urg'd by *Thee*, ſhall wing their haſty Flight,
And ſeek the Shelter of their Native Night.
[2] *GEORGE* on the Throne Eſtabliſh'd, who will fear
Th' *Iberian* Sword, or dread the *Gallic* Spear?
Th' *Iberian*, and the ſuppliant *Gaul* unite
To court his Friendſhip, and confeſs his Right.
Where fragrant Jes'mine, or the ſpreading Vine,
Their tender Boughs in verdant Arches twine;
Each faithful *Briton* ſhall ſecurely ſit,
And *GEORGE*'s Praiſe with grateful Tongue repeat,
Whilſt Bowls of flowing Wine move nimbly round,
With fervent Vows for *GEORGE*'s Welfare crown'd.
Each o'er the chearful Glaſs his Name ſhall blend
With his Lov'd Miſtreſs, or his Boſom Friend,

Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ:
Culpari metuit Fides.——

[2] Quis *Parthum* paveat? Quis gelidum *Scythen*,——
——Incolumi *Cæſare*? Quis feræ
Bellum curet *Iberiæ*?
Condit quiſque diem collibus in ſuis,——
Te multa prece, te proſequitur mero
Defuſo pateris; & Laribus tuum
Miſcet nomen——

Whilſt

Whilst thus he prays, [3] " Long, Long, may *Britain* know
" The Blessings which from *GEORGE*'s Sceptre flow:
" Her vain Attempts may busie *Faction* cease,
" Nor offer to molest our *Sov'reign*'s Sacred Peace.

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3 Longas ô utinam, Dux bone, Ferias
Præstes *Hesperiæ*, dicimus, &c.

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